Plymouth Advertiser.

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BY ROBINSON & LOCKE. PLYMOUTH, OHIO, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1855. VOLUME II. NO. 51.

Select Poetry.

THE END OF THE SUMMER.

Summer is passing, is passing away,
The flush of its beauty is o'er;
Silently, softly, the touch of decay
Falls on each paling flower.
Summer is passing, is fading away,
To eternity's measureless shore.

Sadly and mournfully through the dark wood,
Blends a low wail with the breeze,
Stirring the echoes of dim solitude,
Mocking the whispering trees;
Telling strange tales, that mysteries brood,
Borne on the sibilant breeze.

Summer is fleeting noiselessly on—
On to her waiting bier;
Pale is her beauty, silent her song,
And her diadem faded and sere.
Chant, ye minstrels of summer's bright throng,
A dirge o'er her early bier.

Summer is passing, is passing away,
Its wealth, its music are gone,
The strong oak sways in the wild winds' play,
And the birds are mute at morn;
And the pale leaves drift in their bright decay,
For summer is going—summer is gone!

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIDE OF THE WRECK.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style "the passion." Of passion I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice and his arm once in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same chip cling together when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the companies that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from my boyhood, and when I was twenty- ve I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he existed no longer.

I was very young and strong in limb, and think stout of heart, and I was possessed of the rental of some thousand per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had some books, but my tastes were nautical, and pined on shore. You easily understand, then, why I built me a yacht and did spend much of my time on her.—he was a fine craft, and suited to my taste in very respect, and I remember with a sigh now, he happy days I have spent in the "Foam."

I used to read considerable in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in the fact. Yet I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

One summer evening, I was at the old hall in which my uncle died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised, while looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman hastily announced, and giving indication of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring them to your residence."

Of course my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.

Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me, and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way in company with his son, to his son's house, there to die and be burried. They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house, as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my doorstone since I had been possessor of the hall; and well she might have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of beauty, but having a soft blue eye, shaded by jet-black brows, her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound, by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with the expression of gentle trust and complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination: for Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far seeing one, too.—She was nineteen then.

Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I felt to entering that house or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believed that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my unworthiness to love her or be loved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What then could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty, or grace which I knew were in her soul.

A year passed: and I was the very boy in my continued thoughts of her. I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near a window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it, but its effect was visible to my companion who instantly said,

"You are unwell, Mr. Stuart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."

I was inexplicable to myself; but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I did not know, but I did so.

Thrice afterward I was warned of her presence in this mysterious way, till I believed that there was some mysterious link between us two, of unknown, but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

I heard of her frequently now as engaged to a Mr. Weller, a man whom I knew well, and, was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. When, at length I saw, as I supposed, satisfactory evidence of the rumor, I left London and saw them no more. The same rumor followed me in my letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went aboard my yacht about midsummer, and four weeks never set foot on shore.

One sultry day, when pitch was frying on deck, in the hot sun, we rolled heavily on the Bay of Bisca, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck. Toward evening I fancied a s orm was brewing, and having made all ready for it smoked on taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it, fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel, "Port—port your helm! a sail, on the lee bow; steady, so!"

I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north west. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to account for the emotion I had felt in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her but it was unpleasant dreams I saw her standing on the deck of the "Foam," and as I would advance toward her the form of Weller would interpose. I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Weller that was holding her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them, and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the "Foam" went before it.

Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the fastening, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and she moved more like a bird than a boat from wave to wave. Again and again, a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on her bow that might have stove a man-of-war, but she kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight toward t e shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demonical. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew.

I looked up and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud, all was blackness. At that moment I felt again the strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and plunge, the "Foam" was clear gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose and gone over with me before she sunk. It was heavy, and I cut it away, and it went down in the deep sea above my boat. And, seeing a spar, I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate figure of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so in the black night, we two floated away over the stormy ocean.

My companion was senseless—for ought I knew dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left? And how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be beter to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve, to die of thirst and agony?

I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful.

So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sparkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten; I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her—laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm her's, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom and whispered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lash from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to the new part of the raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all the time that arm was around my neck, and rigid as if in death.

Now came the low, wild wail that precedes the breaking up of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought her anything else than a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arm around her and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment, I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony. She gave it back, murmuring some name of endearment, wound both arms around my neck; and laying her head on my shoulders with her forhead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. The kiss burns on my lip this hour.—Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not sufficed to kill its influence. It thrills me now as then!

It was madness; with idol worship, of the form God gave in the image of himself, which I adored in that hour as even God! I feel the unearthly joy again to day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forhead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair.

I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was human, mortal, of my own kin, by the great Father of our race.

It was a night of thoughts and emotions, and phantasms that never can be described. Morning dawned gravely; the faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head—it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light. I wanted to float over that heaving ocean with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning in my brain, I mourned aloud in agony, "God of heavens she is dead!" and it was Mary Sinclair. But she was not dead. We floated all day along on the sea, and at midnight of the next I hailed a ship, and they took us off. Every man from the "Foam" and the other vessel, was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the "Fairy" a schooner yatch, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, had started, but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and what I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterwards, and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me.

From the N. Y. Tribune

BETTER TIMES.

The American Harvest of 1855 is a great one, after making all reasonable deductions for partial failures of Wheat from the ravages of insects or from foul weather in July, and for the loss or damage of Hay from the latter source. Indian Corn is very late, and liable to be seriously injured by early frosts; but the yield will be great, though the quality may be inferior. This county never before produced so much food for cattle as this year, and the annual product of Butter and Cheese must exceed all precedent. Rye and Oats were never better; and there will be a great yield of Buckwheat, even if early frosts shoul dkill a part of it. Potatoes suffer considerably in this vicinity from the fatal rot; but there was a great area planted, and their general appearance is still thrifty and luxuriant. The crop will be large, at the worst; while for other roots there never was so good a prospect at this season. Fruit, too, in this region, and almost everywhere else, is most abundant.

We ought therefore, to have better times—better, not merely for our farmers, who will often find their increased product balanced by reduced prices; but better for the entire community. Our merchants should be enabled to pay better than last year; ourr mechanics should have steady work as well as cheaper food, our laborers should find employment in the season opening to them on every side, in contrast with the enforced idleness and destitution of last Winter. And, as a beneficent consequence of this improvement in our general condition, we entreat our farmers, so far as possible, to turn over a new leaf in the matter of debt and credit; and resolve firmly not to mortgage their crop before they have grown it, but limit purchases to their means and pay as they go.

Is this advice hard to follow? By no means. It is only hard to begin to follow it. We know that many if not most of our farmers are in debt, and cannot instantly extricate themselves; but they can get out and keep out of mercantile debts if they will. Pay off the mortgage gradually, but have no running accounts at the stores—they are issues through which many a noble patrimony has run out. The merchant does and must charge more if he credits than he would if he sold only for ready pay; there is no help for it. On the cash system, he might turn his capital over several times in each year; now he does very well if he turns it once. The easy, slouching farmer means to square all off when he sells his grain or his cheese; but the account is a good deal larger than he supposed it would or could be; then his daughter is to be married, or his son is setting off to the West and must have an outfit; so he pays part, gives a note for the balance, and begins to run up a new score. The merchant considers him good in the long run, and continues to trust him; but next year frost, or flood or hail, or drouth, cuts his crops short; and now the whole year's bill must be put into a new note, and interest added to the old one. Finally, the debtor becomes discouraged and takes to drinking; or he falls sick and is eaten up by doctors' bills; his farm and all he has go to his creditors; so he paddles off for some new location, and the merchant loses his customers and a part if not the whole of his debt. Such is the vicious system which keeps our farmers always in debt to the merchants, the County to the City, America to Europe. Its complete abolition would be a great help to American manufactures and Industrial development, which are now crippled because the wealthy and long-established foreign producer of Wares or Fabrics, having the command of unlimited capital at low rates of interest, can give larger and longer credit than his comparatively young and poor American rival can possibly afford. Hence a bad harvest impels a commercial convulsion; it has been eaten up before it was grown, and its failure works universal bankruptcy. The farmer or planter cannot pay his merchant; he is consequently in default to the jobber; he to the importer; and the latter to the manufacturer or his banker in Europe. And the cost and risk of all this fall at last on the men who save and thrive and pay. The merchant must charge profit enough on his good sales to cover his bad debts. If this year's crop were to pay for next year's goods instead of last year's, the producers would receive ten per cent more for it than can now be given them.

The true principles of Business are little understood among us. We have too many merchants, too many unproductive consumers generally. If our farmers and artisans would never buy goods until they were ready to pay for them, competition would reduce the profit thereon to one-fourth its present average per centage, and liberate seven-eighths of our traders to engage in some other pursuit. If one-tenth of them knew enough to stop crediting inflexibly, reduce their prices to the fair cost of procuring and selling on the cash system, and then spend for a year or two half their profits in advertising, they would inevitably secure ninetenths of the entire trade. Thrifty farmers would not continue to pay, as they now do, through the mercantile credit system, twelve to twenty-five per cent for the use of money, which they might borrow directly on good security at six or seven per cent; and as to the unthrifty and irresponsible, who would still adhere to the credit-system, they would run out those who trusted them. It is the thoughtless adhesion of the better class which keeps the system on its legs; whenever they let go, it must fall. And as for the merchants, who seeing its vices, still cling to the credit system because they think they cannot otherwise find customers, they are the victims of self delusion. A few years since, it was supposed that newspapers must be sent out on credit; but a few bold spirits revolted; and now three fourths of the periodicals sent out from cities are paid for in advance, to the signal advantage of all parties. It ne but adequate effort, by competent and edsstantial men, to work a similar revolut sub Commerce—a revolution which the ion innterest of all imperatively demands.true i

WHAT IS FAME.

There is an express wagon running in the streets of this city called Tom Benton—another Lucy Stone. We never see these without feeling the magic power of great names and the witching influence of fame.

In a shirt store on Wainut street are to be seen Webster and Clay, looking learnedly and profoundary at each other, and clad in ruffled shirt bosoms and fancy colored cravats. Between them is Hiram Powers, wearing the latest style of flash vest.

Plaster casts of these and other great men, painted to mimic life, are to be seen in front of several establishments in the city. These intellectual countenances are used to illumine striped trowsers and wide-awake hats.

What a noble stimulant is this to the youth of the present generation! Who would not struggle to enrol his name high on the list of fame, that after he has departed from among the living men to moulder and decay in the tomb, his memory may be kept green by fresh painted letters on express wagons, and his image not only perpetuated but adorned in the latest fashion and exhibited in tailors and shirt makers' widows?—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

TURKEY.—At fomer period has there been such a demand in Turkey for the Scriptures and other religious books as during the last year. They have been sent into all parts of the interior of this great empire. Nor were they sent haphazard; but they were all of them ordered. More copies have been sold from the depository in Constannoble during the four months of the presens year, than during twelve months of any preceding year. It is also worthy of special notice, that those who profess the dominant religion of the country, begin at length to awake from long sleep of ages, and to enquire after the teachings of the true prophet. And during this one year they have purchased more Bibles and religious books from the depository, than during all the previous years of its existence. They were not a people;" but who can tell how soon they may become "the people of God?"—*Goodell.*

☞ A few nights back a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, and a gentleman remarked, that if he ever offered himself he would do it a collected manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say Miss S., I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a years from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S., to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father."

"Bravo?" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the ladies.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, are to be married.

☞ In our last issue we gave a detailed account of the outrage committed upon Mr. Pardee Buttler. By the following extract it will be seen that Mr. B. was an Ohioan, and doubtless known by many of the citizens of our county:

Outrage upon an old Citizen of Marion County.

We call the attention of the people of Marion county to the following facts, that they may see how one of their own number has been treated in one of the territories of the United States, for daring like a true man to express his honest opinions in favor of free speech, free soil and free men. The "one Pardee Butler" referred to, is doubtless well known to many of our people, he having been formerly a resident of Marion county, where he has many friends who will sympathize with him in his afflictions. Mr. B. is a preacher of the Disciple or Campbellite persuasion, and will be better known in the neighborhood of Letimberville, where for a considerable time he faithfully followed his profession. He is an "actor" as well as a preacher of the great doctrine of Peace, and nothing in his conduct in Kansas but accord perfectly with that character. His enemies statements show him to have done nothing more than every Freeman should. The outrage is toward one of our own number, and for that reason should come home to our own hearts.

The bare statement of the facts conveys its own commentary, and is amply sufficient to arouse the bitterest indignation of every citizen of Marion county and every good man elsewhere, against the authors and abettors of such deeds. Here was a peace loving and peace pursuing man treated worse than the worst of malefactors, for merely expressing in a perfectly proper manner, a sentiment which every good and true man in Marion county entertains. He was formerly one of our fellow citizens of Marion county, and more recently a citizen of Kansas, a territory of the United States, where he and all of us have a perfect legal and moral right to go and live and enjoy and express our opinions, and be protected in all of these rights by the strong arm of the law.

But it is not enough that we should entertain sentiments of indignation at such an act of atrocity. Some action on our part is called for.—When Pardee Butler was driven from his home, the rights of all of us were invaded, for every man in Marion county is entitled to the same privilege of peaceable settlement in Kansas that Butler sought to enjoy, and every one who would seek to exercise the same, with the same degree of moral courage which Butler exhibited, would be maltreated in the same manner. The sentiments of a majority of us, and those of Pardee Butler upon the question of Slavery are identically the same.

Who are we to hold responsible?—we, for this outrage comes to our own doors and we are false to ourselves, if we fail to act as if it was a personal matter. Certainly not Stringfellow and his troop of fellow ruffians for over their actions we have no control. There are, however, parties that stand responsible, and who should be held to the strictest accountability. Those who placed the means of violence in the hands of Stringfellow and his comrades, are the real culprits—more guilty than the immediate actors in the scene.—The servant in whom a trust is confided, that opens the door to the assassin is more criminal than the actual murderer. General Pierce with the assistance of his party opened the door of Kansas, by breaking down the Missouri compromise, to the men who have expelled Butler, and has given them entire control of the house, to the virtual exclusion of all persons entertaining views like Butler, a large majority of ourselves among the number. We know of persons in our own midst who are anxious to go to Kansas for settlement, and who would go, but for the fear of receiving such usage as Butler has met with. It amounts to positive robberry from ourselves and all the men of the North, of the territory of a whole state.

The Missouri mob is beyond our reach, but the officers and the men who have the power, and whose duty it is to execute the law in such cases, and restore us to our violated rights, are within our reach, for they are the people's servants, and we are their judges and their executioners. Their trial is near at hand. The Kansas question is the great political issue of the day. We vote upon this next October, and we will vote upon this, when we elect our next President. Now is the time to determine how we shall meet this question, when we see our rights invaded, and feel the need of prompt redress. No citizen of Marion county or of the Free North but may soon meet in his own person, the experience of Pardee Butler.

CONVERSION OF A DESERT INTO A LAKE.—Capt. Wm. Allen, of the British Navy, has published a book advocating the conversion of the Arabian Desert into an ocean. The author believes that the great valley extending from the Southern depression of the Lebanon range to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern branch of the Red Sea, has been once all ocean. It is in many places 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and in it are situated the Dead Sea and the Sea of Tiberias.

He believes that this ocean, being cut off from the Red Sea by the rise of the land at the southern extremity, and being only fed by small streams, gradually became dry by solar evaporation. He proposes to cut a canal of adequate size from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to the Dead Sea, and another from the Mediterranean, near Mount Carmel, across the plain of Esdraelon, to the fissure in the mountain range of Lebanon. By this means the Mediterranean would rush in, with a fall of 1,300 feet, fill up the valley, and substitute an ocean 2,000 square miles in extent for a barren, useless desert; thus making the navigation to India as short as the overland route, spreading fertillity over a now arid country, and opening up the fertile regions of Palestine to settlement and cultivation.

The conception is a magnificent one, but no sufficient survey has been made to determine its practicability or its cost.

☞ People who expect to get to heaven by dropping a shilling into the contribution box on Sunday, and shaving a dozen poor devils of ten times that amount on Monday to make up for it, are about as likely to have a seat in Paradise as an ox-express is to beat the summer lightning.

☞ An old lady down East being at a loss for a pincushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

SLAVERY.

George Washington, the Father of his country, in a letter to La Fayette, written in 1798, the year before his death, spoke of the institution of slavery as follows:

"I agree with you cordialy in your views in regard to Negro slavery. I have long considered it a most serious evil, both socially and politically, and I should rejoice in any feasible scheme to rid our States of such a burden. The Congress of 1787 adopted an ordinance which forever prohibits the existence of involuntary servitude in our northwestern territory. I consider it a wise measure; and though it was introduced by a gentleman from New England it met with the approval and assent of nearly all the members from the States more immediately interested in slave labor.

The prevailing opinion in Virginia is against the spread of slavery in our new country, and I trust that we shall ultimately have a confederacy of free States. I would, at any time, gladly relinquish the right of property in my own slaves, if a judicious system of emancipation could be devised."

James Madison, in the convention which formed the Constitution of the U. States, objected to the word "slave" being used in the clause which was inserted for the rendition of fugitives. His objections were agreed to by the convention, and the milder term of "persons owing service or labor, "applicable alike to white apprentices and black slaves, was put in our Constitution. Mr. Madison said on that occasion:

"I object to the word 'slave' appearing in a Constitution which, I trust, is to be the charter of freedom to unborn millions; nor would I willingly perpetuate the memory of the fact that slavery existed in our country. It is a great evil; and under the providence of God I look forward to some scheme of emancipation which shall free us from it. Do not, therefore, let us appear as if we regarded it as perpetual, by using in our free Constitution an odious word opposed to every sentiment of liberty."

Daniel Webster, in his Marshfield speech, Sept. 18th, 1848, when alluding to the men who then held the same position on the question of slavery extension which is now held by Nebraska Democrats, said:

"I am afraid, fellow citizens, that the generation of 'dough-faces' will be as perpetual as the generation of men. For my part, I think that "dough face is an epithet not sufficiently reproachful. I think such persons are dough *faces* and dough *heads* and dough-*souls*, that they are *all* dough; that the coarsest potter may mould them at pleasure to vessels of honor or dishonor, but most readily to vessels of dishonor."

Mr. Clay, in his last great speech in the U. S. Senate, said:

"I repeat it, sir, I never can, and never will, and no earthly power can make me vote directly or indirectly, to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never, while reason holds her seat in my brain—never, while the heart sends the vital fluid through my veins—never!"

Thomas H. Benton, said, in the United States Senate, that the "enactment of the Missouri Compromise" was:

"The highest, the most solemn, the most momentous, the most emphatic assertion of Congressional power over slavery in a territory which has ever been made or could be conceived.—It not only pohibited it where it could be legally carried, but forever prohibited it where it had long existed."

It is quite common for the more popular churches to look with unmingled contempt upon the Dunkards or German Babtists. But there are even among these people some very wholesome principles, and in several respects they are far in advance of the churches which despise them. To mention but one particular, viz: *care for each other temporal welfare.* Here is an illustration in point:

"One of their members, who was an old man, and in moderate circumstances went security for Shock, the Holmes county defaulter. Upon investigation, it was found on that the amount he would have to pay, would strip him of his farm, that his family would be turned out upon the world, homeless. The members thereupon held a consultation, each man agreed te pay an amount in proportion to his wealth, and the old man and his children, will not be be disturbed in their homestead.

Rel, Telescope.

"THICK AND THIN."—A correspondent wishes the editor's help in procuring a suitable minister for a "destitute field, where great good may be done. There are three churches in a circuit of thirty miles, which are able to give a salary of three hundred dollars a year." "A man is wanted," says our friend, "who can go through thick and thin." By "thick," we presume is meant the field of labor, and by "thin," doubtless, the proposed compensation on which he is to subsist.—Vacant ministers will please take notice,—*Balt. True Union.*

☞ Meeting a negro on the road, with a crape on his hat, a traveler said: "You have lost some of your friends, I see." Yes, Massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, putty distant—'bout twenty-four miles, was the reply.

☞ "Samivel, beware of the vimmins as read no noospapers. Yer father married a vomans what read none, an you're the sad konsequins. You're as hignorant as an 'orse."

☞ What a common thing it is for men to look at the affairs of others and overlook their own.

☞ The Missouri Kansas Legislature, on the 27th, ultimo, established the *viva voce* system of voting at all elections in the Territory, by a vote of 13 to 10. Dr. Stringfellow said voting *viva voice* was "neccessary for the protection of the pro slavery party;" and so the law passed.

☞ The Harlem Railroad Company are endeavoring to make atmospheric air supply the place of the ordinary car spring. The motion of the car is made much easier and the wear and tear decreased. We hope it will succeed.

ADJUSTABLE CAR SEAT.—A number of passenger cars are now being constructed for the New York & Erie Railroad, with each seat so arranged that it can be converted into a lounge at the pleasure of the passenger—a thing to be desired

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